

The Moon of Falling Leaves.

As a face that is known to sorrow
And to love that was tried and proved true,
Where the vision of faith to tomorrow
The dark of today breaks through,
So these skies in their sadness keep
A beauty tranquil and deep
Which reflects the infinite yearning
Of a soul that for ever weaves
A vision of joy returning
With sunsets golden and burning
In the Moon of falling leaves.

My heart is faint and regretful
For dreams that are unfulfilled,
And it droops and grows forgetful
Of tasks that it wished and willed;
From its nest the birdling has flown
And the winds of Autumn moan
Round the place of her presence forsaken,
In the shadow the streamlet grieves
My will is a feather up-taken
And whirled in the tempests that waken
In the Moon of falling leaves.

The love of my youth, she is fairer
Than all other loves can be,
Light bringer and music bearer
Forever is she to me.

The ~~lips~~ lips which I long since kissed
Are moveless in death's cold mist;
But I go forth to greet her
In the fields of golden sheaves,
I wander weary to meet her
And pine that my steps are not fleet
In the Moon of falling leaves.
